

The World

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SQUARE.

mitter in the upper chamber to the River and Harbor bill. The bill must, however, go back to the House for concurrence in whatever Senate amendments are adopted, and there will be a splendid opportunity for the Democratic majority to show that public confidence has not, after all, been entirely misplaced.

THE CONGRESSION TOO GRACIOUS.

A few days ago Street-Cleaning Commissioner BRENNAN was run down by a New York Central Railroad train on Eleventh avenue. His horse was killed, but he and his driver escaped with their lives. As the accident happened to a prominent public official and politician it attracted attention and caused a mild agitation of the question. Why should this railroad corporation be allowed to run its trains on the surface of the city's busy streets and avenues to the deadly imperiling of human life?

If a workman had been crushed to death or a poor laborer's child had been torn to pieces under the cruel wheels, probably very little would have been thought about it. Such casualties, it is said, are common, having averaged one human life per month for years past. Last evening Street-Cleaning Commissioner in jeopardy was not to be overlooked, and so yesterday the General Manager of the Vanderbilt railroad met a Committee of the West Side Citizens' Association, to see what was to be done about it. The result of the conference was a gracious concession on the part of the corporation. If the city would open and properly grade and prepare Twelfth avenue the railroad would remove its tracks from Eleventh avenue to the more convenient roadbed of Twelfth avenue and do its mending and maiming and murdering one block nearer the river.

To be sure, the people of Twelfth avenue might object, but the natural reply of the Vanderbilt corporation would be: "The people of Twelfth avenue be damned!"

The incident is particularly interesting at this time while a monster railroad bridge job is making desperate efforts to secure privileges in and powers over the city streets similar to those so unwisely granted to the Vanderbilt corporations years ago.

THE UMPIRE TURNS AT LAST.

If Hales had any fury like an umpire scored Cincinnati's baseball cranks are not aware of it. In a League game played at that city yesterday, during a diluvian downpour, the umpire arched his eyebrows so conspicuously a manner that the bleachers looked at the grand stand in amazement, and the grand stand was all the while agitated with open-mouthed astonishment.

Germany's erratic ruler never asserted his authority in so positive and despotic style, and when riot-arousing decisions hurled in defiance at the spectators failed to entirely suppress their rebellious spirit he removed his mask, which we all had to conceal his contempt for the crowd, and snatched it over the head of a "rooter" who had the temerity to call him "monkey face." The police held back the infuriated mob until the umpire got away through a hole in the fence, and there the day's and the game's excitement ended.

It was a clear case of the crushed umpire turning at last. Ever since baseball has been baseball the umpire has always got the worst of it. No decision of his has escaped derision; no opinion of his has been allowed to pass unopposed. For the one hundred times that he has seen a ball come right over the plate and sizz by the batter without having its mad, impetuous career interrupted, the crowd has failed to find a single instance in which it could coincide with his judgment in calling a "strike." So, too, he has often and often put a man out at "second" when, in the opinion of the cranks, the player was on the base ten minutes before the ball reached there.

This sort of thing has been going on for many years, and baseball patrons have along had much fun with the umpire. The law for freedom was struck yesterday, the Cincinnati umpire is the Brutus of his band. The crash of that baseball mask on the skull of the man who called the umpire "monkey face" will be heard on every ball field in the land. Perhaps from this time forward the umpire will be respected and feared and will not have to wait until the night is very dark to sneak back to his hotel after a game.

GOING WITH A CHINESE PUPIL.

Most startling is Brooklyn's addition to the list of occurrences strongly backing up the position of those people who denounce the maintenance of Chinese Sunday schools in which young American women are teachers. An eighteen-year-old girl has gone from her home, and circumstances indicate that she has been with a Chinaman who had attended her class in Sunday-school. It is hard enough that the man for whom she has such an infatuation is, by the testimony of members of his own race, low and ignorant. It is worse, because the same fellow-countryman of his said that he had a wife and two children in China.

The family of the missing girl are bowed with grief over the elopement. Her friends are sad and mortified. The community has a right to be freely agitated. Warnings of the danger attending the present method of imparting religious instruction to Chinamen in America have been plentiful. Prominent and thoughtful Christian workers have condemned the system. The press, from an impartial standpoint and solely in the public interest, has proclaimed against it. In view of the Brooklyn affair, it will be strange if there is not an instant demand all around for the removal of this sort of missionary work from the hands of too sympathetic and too susceptible young women, on whose sentiments ardent heathen know too well how to play.

ANOTHER "L" ROAD LESSON.

JAMES DONOVAN has obtained a verdict of \$10,000 damages for injuries received at an Elevated Railway station at the hands of an employee of the road. It took a jury fifteen minutes to reach an agreement to this effect after the full trial of the case.

This matter carries its own commentary on the recent action of the manager of

the road in asking that uniformed policemen be detailed to certain stations at certain hours to protect employees against the violence of unruly passengers. Aided to the late decisions in the Court of Appeals, by which verdicts for damages in similar cases were finally affirmed, this fresh outcome of a suit should also bear an extreme significance to the mind of the railway management. Guards, station hands and other employees who were even the least bit inclined towards brutality must be severely disciplined, or the road will continue to pay heavily for the damage they do. Such considerations may thus bring the management to such action as consideration for the rights of the public and the good name of its hundreds of employees who are not brutes does not seem sufficient to produce.

A BLOT ON THE STATUTE BOOK.

In approving the bill to permit Police Justices to practice law in the civil courts Gov. FLOYD has allowed the statute books of the State to be defiled by a thorough and a piece of special legislation, harmful to the public interests and pernicious as a precedent.

Under the necessities of a political municipal government the police justiceships of the city have been distributed among active political workers and leaders who have devoted more time to politics than to their official duties. The business of the police courts has been shamefully neglected, entailing great injustice and suffering on a large number of unfortunate beings.

The Police Justices are paid liberal salaries. They are required to give their whole time to their public duties. The present judges all accepted office under these conditions. They relinquished their right to engage in any other business, and to practice in the civil courts will make a demand on their time at the very hours in which they ought to be discharging their official duties and earning their liberal salary.

Evidently, all hope has not fled from the man in the White House. It is announced that the famous Cape May cottage ruins are being repaired with American tin. Preparatory, it may be assumed, to cutting an unique campaign tariff figure.

By convicting the doctor who swore that his mismanagement of a female patient was meant as a cure for hysteria, a Cassel jury has perhaps spoiled a splendid theory of defense for every wife-beating husband in Germany.

"HARRISON AND MORTON ARE OUT."

And, with strong accent on the "HARRISON," Mr. PLATT would rejoice, "way out."

THE CLEANER.

Another aspirant for the rather doubtful honors of fasting fame is in this country. He is Alexander Jacques, who arrived from Europe on the galley with a record of fifty-two days without food and a yearning for a manager to make a contract with him. Jacques has a jaw which he swears him the power to abstain from food. He claims to have refused an offer of \$35,000 from the Russian Government for the secret of his composition.

WORLDLINGS.

There are two men in the Department of the Pure, in France, and are supposed to be 1,300 years old. They measure about 30 and 26 feet in circumference respectively.

France has had thirty-eight Ambassadors to England since 1814, while in the same period the Queen has had but eight representatives in Paris.

An Indianapolis man has invented a process for "aging" violins, by means of which he can in two weeks give a new instrument the fulness and richness of tone of an antique Stradivarius.

Van Molle has a great antipathy to the wearing of the apron. It is related that once when he attended a meeting of the Order of St. John, as the servant helped him off with his overcoat he was discovered to be in his shirt-sleeves. His dress coat had been forgotten in his bed-room.

The Car is now, for the first time since his accession to the throne, occupying the historic Winter Palace.

VAGRANT VERSES.

A Song of Seasons.
The summer is coming, the summer is coming,
The summer is coming, the summer is coming,
The summer is coming, the summer is coming,
The summer is coming, the summer is coming.

The Fat of a Tuna.
The fat of a tuna, the fat of a tuna,
The fat of a tuna, the fat of a tuna,
The fat of a tuna, the fat of a tuna,
The fat of a tuna, the fat of a tuna.

Too Harry.
Fat gentleman, yes, that remark of your
about taking out the side of the car, so I can
get in is very witty. It's very kind of you,
I'm sure. Fat director of this road, sir, and
agent fatness to the manager.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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BY BABIES' GRADLES.

The "Evening World's" Corps of Free Physicians Will Be Formed Again.

A Flattering Prospect for This Year's Sick Babies' Fund.

Neil Nelson Visits a Home Like Which There Are Thousands.

This letter, in which was inclosed \$100, is at once test and sermon for all who can be moved by human love, or who possess hearts that will respond to a beautiful charity like that of the Evening World's Sick Baby Fund, which sends a corps of physicians every day during the summer to the crowded tenements of New York to minister gratuitously to the ailing children of the poor:

To the Editor:
I love the babies, and always wish them lots of health, joy and amusement. There are in this city a man and wife, and a young child, who are in a very poor way of life, and I wish that I could add to their happiness.
Yours truly,
E. J. WOOLSEY,
No. 8 Lexington Avenue, New York.
May 11, 1892.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The Evening World's Sick Baby Fund. Previously acknowledged, 1,824.00. E. J. Woolsey, 2.00. F. S. 2.00. Mrs. 2.00. May, 2.00.

MANY A HOME LIKE THIS ONE.

In Which Ailing Children Cannot Be Properly Cared For.

A combination of most distressing circumstances is slowly working the ruin of a little household in the east end of Third street. There are in the family a man and wife of Austrian birth, scarcely in the summer-time of life, and three young children, to whom nature has bestowed neither the promise of health nor the hope of happiness.

The world has been here for a month for the young husband. For the last few years he has been fighting a hard fight. Odds have been against him steadily and he has been baffled, distressed, foiled, unhorsed and overpowered.

Fortune has mocked him. He has been jumped on and ridden over roughshod. He has been ruined and trampled.

When he realized that it was all a losing game, that he had got a wrong start and gone the wrong way, he struck his colors, delivered up his arms and surrendered.

There is no more fight in him. His heart, always an unreliable piece of machinery, is no longer to be depended upon. Even the joints in his fingers and toes have proved treacherous, and now he calmly awaits his doom.

That it is near at hand he hasn't a doubt, for did he not see physicians in St. Luke's and the Presbyterian Hospital, the very best to patch him up and set him on his feet again, and haven't the dispensary people told him repeatedly that his case was hopeless?

Believe it or does. And if you could see him you would not believe that he could survive the night.

What distresses him more than his bogged heart or his knotted joints is the misery of his family. There are three little boys, between the ages of five years and five months in utter destitution. The baby doesn't begin to have the strength of a kitten.

His elder brother has an affection of the eyes, and at intervals of reduced vitality, resulting in a horrible and chronic condition. He is blind, sometimes for six months at a stretch. The eldest child is enfeebled by an abscess of the shoulder. Several operations have been made, and it is feared that he may lose the entire arm.

Perhaps the reader can list to his own satisfaction the articles of diet that can be purchased after deducting the cost of the fuel that must be procured for the laundry work.

All the decent clothing of the family is in the pawnshop. If the man died tomorrow there would not be a coat to drape his corpse. His eyes failed when he told about sending his wife's bonnet and his baby's blanket to the money lenders, "but we had no food and we could not starve."

The few pieces of furniture in the flat, a table, some baby's bedstead, mattress, pillows and chairs, bought for \$75 twelve months ago, have not been paid for. There is \$45 due yet, and unless the account is settled in the coming fortnight the goods will be confiscated.

The mother is almost distracted. There she sits with her helpless little ones, and a quiet constant care, and are not given enough to eat. They want food, clothing and medicine.

They want a physician's care—each and all of them. They want help and they want it at once. Unwilling benefit is extended to them will be a benefit to the sick man and comfort to the sorrowing mother. These people belong to the class for whose suffer the Free Doctors' Fund was established.

Another Helper.

Inclosed please find \$2 for the crippled boy "Billy" mentioned in The Evening World of May 10.

For His Relief.

Inclosed please find \$2 to be applied for the relief of the little boy about whom Neil Nelson wrote in The Evening World of May 10.

Little Billy's Friend.

Inclosed you will find 25 cents for little Billy. His Friend MAY.

He Will Get It.

Inclosed please find \$2 for little Billy, the lame boy, of West 117th street. Mrs. L.

Very Excuse.

Value—Wake up, sir! It's very late. The value you wanted to be called has gone past. Neil Nelson already—All right, Henry, just call me when the time comes around again.

FASHION NEWS AND NOTES.

Tiques Are Useful, as They Serve for Hats or Bonnets.

Bright Red Gloves Are Stylish, but Will Not Be Popular.

Tiques are useful, inasmuch that they serve for hats or bonnets. For the latter they need the introduction of strings and the secret are as long as they can be, the narrowest velvet in two colors requiring long loops to keep them from the ground.

The stiff shirt-fronts will not be as much in vogue as full moult or silk blouses.

A new belt-skirt is made without a seam, being cut of specially wide cloth which comes for this purpose. It is in perfect circular form when blocked out, and the space for the waistband is cut out in the center. The skirt when folded and moulded into shape by the dressmaker. This pattern makes a skirt which is very wide at the bottom, with scarcely any fullness at the top. A simple waist to finish any belt-skirt is with two overlapping flaps, the upper one not more than three inches wide, and the lower one just wide enough to cover the top of the skirt. These two flaps are put on together with a double heading, and so that only an inch of the lower skirt shows. A box plait of ribbon or a simple cord on which the flaps are shirred is used between them and the heading.

The sheer and beautiful lace trunks will again be much used for stylish summer gowns. Pretty bodies and sleeves in antique style are often adopted for these dresses. An attractive toilet of cream-white lace, made in Empire fashion, is trimmed with white and gold passementerie only two inches wide, but exquisite in quality. The sleeves form a full puff at the elbow and are then closely banded with the trimming to the wrists. The bodice has a white chiffon vest with the trimming set each side. Dark Roman-red and Spanish-yellow lace trunks are made with trimmings of black Spanish lace and black moire or velvet ribbon. Other gowns are decorated with bands of black silk applique laid over cream cloth.

Bright red gloves are the latest fad, but will never be adopted by women of good taste, as they are too conspicuous.

Never was there a season when so much lace was worn. A yoke and full ruffles of white lace work on brown, red or blue was quite a pretty idea, but rather heavy looking. In cream it would be much prettier.

The New York School of Industrial Art and Technical Design for Women has made application for space in the Woman's Building for an important and interesting exhibit. Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Corp, principal of the school, describes at length the nature of the school's proposed display. It will consist entirely of women's work in the line of practical, technical design for the time frame body brackets, with border; designs on the lines of tapestry carpets, working designs for rug, designs for glass screens, windows and panes, body trunks and ingrain; practical designs for table linen and towels for porcelain cases, vegetable dishes, etc.; working designs for wall-papers with borders and ceilings to match, for table cloths, for stained glass screens, window trappings, lamps and lanterns, for decorating window-shades, for book-covers, for different kinds of embroidery and laces, and working designs for calicoes, prints, woven and printed silks. These are all the work of the school, and are capable of being executed by direct reproduction by painting or weaving.

Side by side with these patterns will be exhibited many finished fabrics manufactured from designs furnished by the pupils of the school. These are women, numbering over five hundred in all, who are working now in almost every State and various foreign countries. They are supplying many designs to foreign as well as to domestic manufacturers. Thirteen years ago, when this school was organized, women designers were not known, and the exhibit will show the progress they have made in a short period. Colored women will show what they are doing in the way of gingham, The Non-Partisan National W. C. T. U. will also make an exhibit in the Woman's Building.

"Oh, for the Wings of a Dove."
Helen—Just listen to that soprano! What good would the wings of a dove do her? She must weigh 200 pounds.
Jack—Probably she wants sum to trim a fat hat.

The Pension Question.

Stranger—I believe, as that every man who was in the army ought to have a pension, whether he was injured or not.
Stranger—No, sir. Am a pension attorney.

Foy to a Farm.

Farmer—No, I don't go to the farm.
Farmer—No, I don't go to the farm.
Farmer—No, I don't go to the farm.
Farmer—No, I don't go to the farm.

A Hint to Hired Men.

Abraham Lincoln split rails, but if, after splitting them, he had sat around on the fence made of them he would never have become President.

Nature compels us to eat.

She supplies

HORNBY'S

H-O

OAT-FOOD

which is sufficient for recuperation and satisfaction.

It's a fact. The Table of Hints given for 75c at THE COLUMBIA, on Union Square, 5th St., N. Y. is the best in the city. Uttermost notice.

THE LIGHTNING CHANGE ARTIST AND THE ESCAPED LION.

(From Life.)

Accommodated by.

Walk about Walker—Say, young fellow, would you give me a lift?

Elevator Boy—Certainly! Step in. Which floor?

A Joyous Occasion.

(From Pack.)

Neighbor—Why what are you celebrating, Pettinelli? The Fourth isn't here yet!

Mr. Pettinelli—Our cook has been with us a year to-day, and she doesn't show any signs of leaving yet.

Her Idea of It.

(From Brooklyn Life.)

Any—Mabel, do you ever think about marriage?

Mabel—Think is no name for it. I worry.